The Eleventh Commandment.

It is not always sunshine
In this bright world of ours,
Sharp thorns and weeds grow thickest
Amid the fairest flowers;
In fruits, howe'er enticing,
Lurk worm-spots at the core;
For each one's bread and butter
There is a sanded floor.

In lustrous silk there's cotton,
In flowing tresses rats,
In ermines, soft and snowy,
The skins of Thomas cats;
In Hebe's form there's whalebone,
On Venus' lips carmine,
Old boots are thrown in sherry
To make Madeira wine.

The best of golden butter
Is oleomargarine,
The finest of old brandy
Is next door to benzine;
The fragrant leaf of Cuba
Is cousin to sauer-kraut;
Too often are the milkman's cans
Replenished at the spout.

If then, your reputation
Proves quite unfit to sir,
Pray, how then does it differ
From most things seeming fair?
And why heap maledictions
Because through me—no doubt—
You broke the 'leventh commandment—
"Thou shalt not be found out!"

—*Puck.*

"Call Me Not Dead."

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever-living
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say—He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light of immortal faces:
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow (who can say?) Shakspeare may pass—
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well—
Or Milton—or Dante, looking on the grass,
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

—*R. W. Gilder, in Scribner for November.*

MISS DABNEY'S FLIRTATION

It had been universally conceded among Louise Dabney's friends that she was not a favorite with gentlemen—that fortune so essential to feminine well being. Whether it was from lack of beauty (though about that there were diversities of opinion), or because of a cold and critical manner, a certain reserve irresponsive to the masculine touchstone, an innate disdain of flirtation, of making an effort to please one sex more than another, who could say? Louise was herself aware that she inspired the masculine heart with no serious sentiments, and she may have wondered secretly by what spells other girls who were not so well bred nor so intelligent, and certainly no fairer, gathered groups of lovers about them, while she stood by alone and uncared for—not that she coveted a plurality—but what charm had they to which she could not aspire? Every woman loves admiration, and it is not to be supposed that Louise Dabney was superior to this amiable weakness.

"Louise has never had a flirtation, a love affair, or a proposal," her friends would have told you; but they were not quite correct in their verdict. She had had "an interest," to put it mildly, ever since that dreadful night on the Continent when her uncle had been brought lifeless into the little out-of-the-way place among the mountains, and had left her alone among people speaking an unfamiliar jargon, with the sea rolling between herself and home; and Loring Northcote had come to her aid, though a total stranger, and taken her burdens upon himself, and had been like a shadow in a weary land to the desolate girl, and had finally escorted her home across the sea, with his widowed sister as chaperon. Since that period there had been more or less intercourse between them, to be sure, but the half-tender regard he had manifested toward her had seemed to crystallize, without developing into any thing more personal and particular.

"It is only his way with all women," she said, and excused him in her heart. And when she had thanked him for all his kindnesses, and said, "How can I ever reward you!" "By always coming to me when you need kindness," he had answered, but he thought, "She is less emotional than a sphinx." And though Louise had more than half expected that their relations would grow closer as time sped, had, perhaps, some right to expect it, yet Mr. Northcote had never advanced a step nearer; and if she had abandoned hope, the flame still smoldered, ready to be kindled by a word, a touch, and nobody the wiser, not even the interested friends, who thought Louise neglected her opportunities; that any other girl would have had an offer, at least, under the circumstances.

It was the following season, which she spent at the fine old mansion of a friend, when, seeing the company dispersing day after day by twos, she resolved to amuse herself like the rest—to do as the Romans. Every woman likes to believe that she has her own little attractions, and how was she to make sure of it if she attracted nobody? Besides, there was nothing else to do. To abstain from the popular amusement seemed like reproaching those who engaged in it. Mr. Leroy appeared to adopt her views. If she walked, he followed like her shadow; if the river allured, his boat was at hand; if driving were in order, he handled the reins like a Jehu. Their acquaintance had begun, moreover, under the most favorable auspices, to take a romantic view of it. She had discovered that her pocket had been picked on the cars of both money and tickets. A handsome stranger steps forward to the relief of the distressed damsel; gratitude on one hand; gallantry on the other; he has established a claim to conversation, and discovers that they are both bound for the same hospitable roof at Valley Farm. Could a flirtation be ushered in more propitiously?

"Really," whispered Mrs. Furniss, a fortnight later, sitting on the veranda and looking toward Louise, who sat in the hammock which Leroy was lazily swinging, "I believe Miss Dabney has made an impression."

"Who *is* Mr. Leroy?" asked the gentleman to whom she spoke, and who had just arrived in the last train.

"A capital catch."

"Alliterative at least. And has Miss Dabney landed him?"

"She could if she would. It isn't his fault if she hasn't."

"I shouldn't say that Miss Dabney was susceptible."

"How did you find that out, Mr. Northcote?" laughed the hostess.

"By natural processes, I believe."

"I'm told she isn't a favorite with your sex; but exceptions prove the rule. I never knew her to have a flirtation before, I confess."

"Is *this* a flirtation?"

"On her side, yes. It's her very indifference that attracts Leroy. He's used to being made much of, and to have the girls thrown at his head, so to speak. As she doesn't want to marry him, she can afford to be audacious."

"I didn't think she would condescend to flirt."

"You seem to have made a study of Miss Dabney. I think she didn't wish to be left out in the cold. All my guests seem to be paired off this season. You will have to devote yourself to me, Mr. Northcote, unless I import another 'blessed damosel.'"

"Don't, I beg; I am content with the blessings the gods have provided."

"You might dispute Louise with Mr. Leroy, to be sure."

"True. Let us begin by interrupting the *tete-a-tete*."

"Mr. Northcote," said Louise, "this is a pleasure for which Mrs. Furniss had not prepared us."

"Excuse me, but your friend doesn't look as if he regarded it in that light," said Northcote, aside. "I hope I am not *de trop*."

"I didn't know that such humility as that hope suggests was a trait of your sex."

"Shall I go away again?"

"Why, certainly not, immediately; it would look as if I had snubbed you."

"And I'm not sure but you have."

It was doubtless pleasant to have a spectator witness her refutation of the popular prejudice respecting her want of attraction, and that the spectator should be Mr. Northcote added piquancy to the affair. "At least he will see that *somebody* finds me worth cultivating," she reflected. But in spite of this she found herself incapable of entering into the spirit of flirtation with the same unconcern after Northcote's arrival. She felt a perpetual insane desire to shorten the walks and drives, that she might hasten back to his neighborhood, and know just how he was passing the time, that she might see his face and hear his voice. But the further she withdrew, the closer Leroy pursued, the old adage that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush not holding good in love affairs. But when Miss Dabney ventured to flirt, she did not know it entailed serious results. She had such small belief in her powers of fascination that she would have laughed at the idea of Mr. Leroy being in danger or in earnest. There was no one else at leisure to receive his attentions, to listen to his gushing; when other women arrived, all this would be transferred, and she would slip back into her natural state of isolation and neglect. Didn't she know that Leroy's tender speeches meant nothing, that his devotion was only perfect from practice? But when the genuine article was not to be had, it was pleasant to play at love—better half a loaf than no bread at all.

The family had been picnicking in the woods one afternoon, where the pine needles made a carpet, and a frolicsome brook capered and bubbled down from its mountain source. Leroy and Louise had wandered away to collect brushwood to boil the tea-kettle, but had gathered flowers instead; and when the sunset had begun to fade, and warned them to return to their party, they found it was something more easily said than done. After some time spent in a vain search for the right path, they seated themselves on a mossy log till Louise should recover breath and strength, and studied such fragments of constellations as peered through the branches overhead, and listened to the lonely pathos of the whip-poor-will, and made the place ring with their chorus, not much daunted by the situation, Leroy happy enough in the protracted seclusion which had befallen him. Later he had waxed sentimental and poetical, and she had laughed at and interrupted his loftiest flights.

"Were you ever in love, Miss Dabney?" he asked.

"Scores of times; from the age of six. Isn't that every body's experience?"

"Not mine," he returned. "I was never in love but once."

"And who was the happy creature?" she asked, recklessly, thinking he referred to some hobbledehoy era.

"*Who was* she? Why do you speak in the sad imperfect?"

"You don't mean to say—"

"I mean to say that the only woman I ever loved, or shall love, is—"

"Oh, hark!" cried Louise, rising. "I hear footsteps—pardon the digression. 'Lo, the conquering hero comes!'" she sang. "Oh, Mr. Northcote, how glad I am to see you! I didn't know as we should get home till morning," as that gentleman waved the brand he had stolen from their gypsy fire and shouted, "Eureka!"

"I didn't know but I was *de trop* again, when I found you and Leroy taking it so cozily," said Northcote, later, as he opened Mrs. Furniss's garden gate for Louise to enter, Leroy having been already captured by the hostess. "I feared I had mistaken my vocation, and had not been cut out for a discoverer."

"Indeed, I was never so glad to see you in my life."

"Really? Was it so bad as that?"

"We were *so* hungry."

"I *thought* Leroy looked as if he would like to eat me."

"I doubt if you would be tender."

"I *could* be, Miss Dabney, depend on it—both tender and true. There, don't start. You thought you had escaped Charybdis only to fall upon Scylla. Upon my word, I was afraid you would have accepted Leroy before I could find you."

"You thought I was to be had for the asking."

"I feared you were not to be had at all."

"But why should you have cared if I had accepted forty Leroys."

"Because, in the first place, it would be a little unusual, and because I thougt you might do better."

"Thank you. I will go in now. Were there any letters to-night, Mrs. Furniss?"

"Here are two for Mr. Loring Northcote, ditto for Miss Mellish, and one—yes, one—for Miss Dabney," replied that lady.

"I don't know the hand," said Louise, turning it over and studying the postmark. "Fairfield. I never heard of that place before. Some mistake, I fear."

"Fairfield," repeated Leroy, catching the word, and speaking on the impulse, with a heightened color. "It's a new summer resort. There's some sort of water there good for blues and biliousness."

Louise opened the letter and read:

MISS DABNEY: You may think it an intrusion for me to address you, but I hear that you are staying at Valley Farm, under the same roof with Mr. Leroy, and that he is falling a victim to your cruel spell. I beg you to send him back to me. He is mine; he is all I have. I can not live without him. Before he met you, he was all my own. Have mercy, and send him back to me heart-whole! What will it signify to you?—only one conquest the less among your scores, while it will mean either life-long misery or happiness, as you may choose, to

LIZETTE LAYTON.

The gentlemen had gone to the smoking-room, and the ladies of the house were chatting merrily about her as she read. Mr. Leroy had been trembling on the brink of a proposal that very night, and yet he was engaged to be married. How dared he mention love to her! But had *she* been blameless? Hadn't she flirted deliberately with another girl's lover? What disaster had she not wrought in her mad pursuit of an admiration which she did not value! What should she say to him? How could she send him back? At what expense had her vanity been flattered! Just to prove that she was attractive like other women, she had worked this wrong. To be sure, she had had no experience to guide her. She had supposed that the boundaries of flirtation and love-making were more clearly defined. She had never meant to make Leroy love her; but, whatever she had meant, it was all one to this poor foolish Lizette. Her regrets and self-accusations beset her so sorely that she was obliged to leave the gay raillery about her and take refuge upon the veranda, where the shadows hid her; and, leaning her head against the lattice, where the dew-drenched passion-flowers shook out their sweetness, the hot tears filled and overflowed her eyes, and sobs seemed to tear her heart asunder.

"'Tears, idle tears,' Louise," whispered some one, whose neighborhood she had not heeded. "Can I help you? Shall I stay and try?"

"Nobody *can* help me, Mr. Northcote. I have done such a *dreadful* thing! I have—yes, I have been flirting with another woman's lover. She has written to tell me so—to beg I will send him back to her. He is all she has, she says. And I—I don't care a fig for him; and what shall I do if he asks me to marry him, as he may, you know?"

"As he would have done, if I hadn't arrived in the nick of time, to-night."

"What *shall* I do? How shall I send him back heart-whole?"

"You would avoid the dreaded question, I fancy, if he were to hear to-morrow that—that you belonged to somebody else; that some one had stolen a march on him—if he were to hear that you belonged—to me."

"Oh, Mr. Northcote, to you! You don't want to own such a mischief-maker."

"I want to own you, Louise."

Mr. Leroy, strolling out from the smoking-room, was petrified by the shadow of a pair of embracing lovers, cast by the late rising moon. "Checkmated, by Jove!" he muttered, reflectively. "No fun hanging about here any longer; I had better go back to Lizette."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Most Distressing Occurrence.

The Jessamine (Ky.) *Journal* says: Never have we been called upon to chronicle a more heartrending accident, nor one which has enlisted a more general and genuine sympathy with the afflicted family than that which occurred at Union Mills on last Friday afternoon. Misses Blackford and Bourne and Charlie Bourne composed a party at Mr. Claybourne Rutherford's on that day. In the morning some of the company attended a protracted meeting in progress at East Hickman, but they all met at the dinner-table, when one of the young ladies proposed to go to the flouring mill, stating that she had never seen one working. Consequently the party named above, with Miss Julia and Miss Annie Rutheford, went down to Steele & Bronaugh's mill, and Capt. Steele, with his usual urbanity, was showing them around. They had been looking at the bolting-cloths, and passed over some ship stuff. Miss Annie Rutherford shook her skirts to rid it of the dust which had adhered to it, when it caught in a miter cog-wheel, about one foot from the floor, which drew it into the machinery, and there was a similar wheel about three feet higher, in which her left arm was caught and was taken clean off, together with the flesh and bone off her breast. Clinging to the shaft, her skirt fast in the bottom wheel, she was whirled round at the rate of 34 revolutions per minute. Frantic with excitement, Miss Julia Rutherford rushed to her sister's assistance; Charley Bourne did his best to keep her from the danger she was exposing herself to, and at the same time doing his utmost to extricate Annie, but Julia persisted that she could not stand to see her sister in such a place, and, putting her arms around her, she had her right arm cut off by the same wheel. Annie's clothes were so twisted that it was impossible to pull her away until the engine was stopped by Capt. Steele, which took one minute to do, and Mr. Samuel Gosney, perceiving there was something wrong, instantly lowered the stones. The scene now baffled description. There were the cogs filled with flesh and bones. An arm lying on the floor, the glove still on the hand, two lovely girls prostrate in their blood, and Charley Bourne with his left thumb cut off, from which he has suffered intensely and was threatened with lock-jaw, but he is now probably out of danger. Mr. James Bronaugh, Jr., took Julia home in a buggy, and Mr. Steele fixed Annie on a board and presented her to her distressed parents. Thus the company who, a few minutes before, were happy and joyous, were plunged into inexpressible grief by a shocking and deplorable accident.

Drs. Jasper, Welsh and Skillman have been indefatigable in their attendance on the sufferers, and at last accounts they were improving.

Miss Annie did not rally from the effects of the shock for 48 hours, but since reaction has taken place fully, she bids as fair to recover as Miss Julia, whose arm was amputated on Saturday.

THE shoemakers don't mind dull times. Their shoes are soled before they go into the market.

The Devil-fish.

Mr. Thomas Beale, who was the surgeon of a South Sea whaling-ship, and who afterward printed a "History of the Sperm Whale," gives an interesting account of his encounter while on the Bonin Islands with a small octopus which had been washed ashore and left by the receding tide. It seemed frightened at first, and endeavored to escape, and in trying to detain it he pressed on one of its legs with his foot. He continues: "But, although I made use of considerable force for that purpose, its strength was so great that it several times quickly liberated its member in spite of all the efforts I could employ in this way on wet, slippery rocks. I now laid hold of one of its tentacles with my hand, and held it firmly so that the limb appeared as if it would be torn asunder by our united strength. I soon gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the rocks to which it clung so forcibly by its suckers, which it effectually resisted; but the moment after, the apparently enraged animal lifted its head, with its large eyes projecting from the middle of its body, and letting go its hold on the rocks, sprang upon my arm, which I had previously bared to the shoulder, and clung with its suckers to it with great power, endeavoring to get its beak, which I could now see between the roots of its arms, in position to bite. A sensation of horror pervaded my whole frame when I found this monstrous animal had affixed itself so firmly to my arm. Its cold, slimy grasp was extremely sickening, and I immediately called aloud to the Captain, who was searching for shells at some distance, to come and release me from my disgusting assailant. He quickly arrived, and taking me down to the boat, during which I was employed in keeping the beak away from my hand, quickly released me by destroying my tormentor with a boat knife, when I disengaged it by portions at a time. This animal must have measured across its extended arms about four feet, while its body was not larger than a large clenched hand. This little fellow which it took two men to destroy, when he was out of his native element, was hardly one-tenth the size of the one now in New York."

The octopus has another means of self-protection, which, though never failing in the water, is useless when he happens to be stranded on the shore. He is provided with a remarkable organ, commonly called his "ink bag," which is filled with a dense fluid. When frightened or disturbed he discharges this in such quantities as to discolor the water for a considerable space above and around him, and under cover of its inky darkness he propels himself swiftly from the place of danger. Cicero speaks of the use of this ink for writing purposes, and from it is now prepared the true "Sepia" of artists. The drawings with which Cuvier illustrated his "Anatomy of the Mollusca" were executed with the ink he had collected while dissecting numbers of specimens of the cephalopoda.

The good livers and epicures of ancient times regarded the octopus or polypus as a table delicacy entirely beyond the means of a poor man, a dainty dish only within the reach of the rich. The fishermen of Newfoundland even now value the flesh of the octopus very highly as the best bait they can obtain for cod-fishing, and with it it is said over one hundred millions of cod are caught annually.—*New York Sun.*

Business on a New Principle.

A little girl living just west of Indianola asked for permission to sell melons during the melon season. This being granted she at once set up her store of fine melons at her father's gate, and then asked her mamma what price she should ask for her nicest ones, etc. She was permitted the privilege of asking her own price for her luxuries. For a while she was at a loss to know what to do, but calling her wits together for a few moments she said: "I will sell according to the looks of the people; if they come along in a fine buggy, I will ask them 40 cents for my best ones, and if they are in a wagon, I will ask for the same sized melon 25 cents; but, if they come along on foot and look to be tired, I will sell to them for 15 cents the same sized melons I ask the rich people 40 cents for." Her word she kept, and sold several dollars' worth of melons during the fall.—*Indianola (Ia.) Tribune.*

WHILE breaking an egg the other day, Mrs. John W. Kinney, of Alden, Iowa, found within the shell a living snake about four inches long, which lived several days, until Mr. Kinney threw the little varmint into the fire. It was colorless, like the white of the egg from which it came.

ALTHOUGH a woman's age is undeniably her own, she never owns it.